

# Carnival Rations and Other Poems

by

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A mourning for adjunct stirring pearls

Timid, across the ice-crested figments of stolid wastepaper  
incredible so long, so distant, seeing each other yesterday  
abatment for basalt dreams that did lift or hassle  
We dreamed of holy endeavors, and some came to pass,  
forever in debt to our own suspicions, like iron cast waves  
we will forget the pleading of the saints when tomorrow awaits

## Untitled Ancients

I can separate, belatedly,  
the angels from the aliens  
but I do not know, quite familiar,  
which I would rather  
congregate with, steaming,  
Cat Power decrees,  
“nothing in return”  
as hacienda dresses bleach vacant  
and retire, returning only  
for a second helping of milk-dust  
and scorched plantation lilies,  
a swollen demarcation  
like a trail-marked bouquet  
blushes with solemn victory  
across ancient grass and feather-tails  
that misfire onto subsequent, pressured  
tires at the fire station, this one,  
for doula patronage tests, esteemed  
and milk-siren florid passageways  
for Her absence, now too obvious  
to ignore, too near not to see clear  
but I have found Her in the night  
apart from the memory of my dreams  
not to see near ancient grass spiders  
speaking to each other frivolously  
the fever has come and gone  
and now only toiled patterns remain

Hesdon takes a swim

An ecoregion of salads and islands and countless quartet appeasement  
tossed between currents, doubting the sand under a court of mirrors  
between steel roads, like a tired servant evaporating between scenes  
stretched beyond end-around submarine masses of cordial delight  
imported cipollino marble to stand above the water, fastidiously sought  
at the island's neatly fashioned feet behavior, wrecking door-made  
propositions for the preparation of the emperor's sword, knightly  
and left handed golf clubs, just when we pretend not to see the dissolute traitor,  
Hesdon takes a center role, aligned with swimming bakery coughing  
in the history of our obsession with control and grinning tides, apt hides

## The Wayward and the Treasured

Why doesn't God talk to me?  
Why would God talk to me?  
God must not be in season.  
God must be between the layered eggs,  
the trophy condoning the wayward preach-horn,  
the stalling of the ceremony,  
like life-giving grace, the afterthought  
of all metered concerns, stopping for a moment  
to task us to death in a stubborn country.  
God must have meant to talk to me  
seeing no one else would be so bold to respond.

## Leonard Cohen's Hat is a Tip to a Generation

pearls dripping from the faucet  
not letting him turn me down  
there must be release, even small, but steady  
into the plastured night  
like an instrument missing its thinking  
and drums spelling out the name  
the only meteoric fail-storm not pardoned  
by the approaching morning, a tide-belt memory

this one is elevated  
a memory into the crease of mutual thinking  
not a candle or a wordsmith  
able to light his pattern into the sea of steel hound joy  
at the flight of a patterned conclave of shadow-metrics  
for tonight we sing, downy and abrupt  
too long to have been awake,  
too short to have not been asleep  
we will sting the pariah mercy with hand-straps and glutton swamps  
like a pearl from a faucet, washing the waving contours  
from our everlasting tempers and memories of together deployed

Untitled #57: father of dry oil

we spoke of father's distinct promise  
humble in illusory cow dens for brake matches  
buried under esoteric tides with fallen curved space  
like carpet shades of peach and orange willful grace and sleeping

scarred highway curtains for Culzean Castle  
trespass like a night in the desert, flames upon meadows  
where trailer rainbows guess your name and does not journey

castle palms, corrected green ash and dust that does not know  
stem stone trust wrestled away, farther from obliged observation  
nocturnal niceties musing the stalwart's janitorial safeguards and rebuke  
beyond linear basement lights and pillow dressings for Tawny owls

roasted postcards laughing at the dust, an abasement of calculations  
treasonous nights forefought and appalled in resemblance  
marred and healed by raising tones, sonic dispersal  
violins and counting hymns, too rich to dispose the king  
night visions and struck recycling vents where the wind does not  
dare to begin to find sold oil waiters with spoken for limbs

where justice may or may not be is bacteria in the sails  
under staunch waste the beauty hibernates, coils, and makes tender  
leaves us in mindfulness techniques like empty white rooms  
owls's nests from a distance, humming apostasy winter oil  
broken willow hymns of tergiversation upon shadows malfeasant  
grateful made-bed promises taken in by dry scent castles, that father

Fountains that depart

fountains that part  
we had a dial  
domestic flag luggage

good horse  
loans left on asphalt  
the seasons dream

no map illustrates  
but a tempted heart displays  
cameras in septic motion



## Hurrah! the Wealth of the Saints

This I know for certain.  
All those most fortunate,  
those deemed worthy  
to be labeled as saints  
have only and always  
been the most privileged  
and wealthy, the most  
desired by men and women  
the most intelligent,  
the best artists, sportsfolk,  
and only the most beautiful  
princes and princesses.

No one can deny  
this to be true.  
Only the most deserving  
of character, humility,  
and joy of heart,  
have earned the comforts  
of wealth and security.

Therefore, if you think  
about it, the poor really  
have only themselves  
to blame. They must all  
be of such bad character  
for God to hate them  
so much. That means  
it is our duty to hate  
them as well. No,  
the poor will never  
be saints.

And tonight as always  
the poor toil in obscurity,  
suffering as they so deserve.  
May even their names  
be forgotten by this  
blessed world.  
Hurrah! the wealth  
of the saints.

like chickadees swarming above a grave

Seasons developing  
like an ostrich in the boil  
I'd rather not hold cards  
too close to my chest

Or my pockets coil  
a bruised rib  
for a loose mouth  
I give in  
to a punishing god

the country mounts  
a catastrophe parade  
like a daily mailer  
in a picnic basket  
obsolete terms for  
adjoining parentage

last night a creature  
bore a hole between  
my ribs and took up  
residence between  
the flesh and blood  
and jelly, just because  
I spoke too loudly

I shall from here on  
whisper my mourning  
like chickadees  
swarming above a grave

## Bruised Ribs and Precarious Employment: Hope Masters

If God is nature running its course. If all and all is God, enacting the parlance of existing tropes and metaphors all intended to get us to listen, then my failures are intended to get me closer to the realization that is water around the rim of better places and more adroit fulfillment towards the ghosts of yesterday.

If God is existence between the air of the snapping of the fingers, then I am on the path that was intended for me and I shall not be afraid. I shall not fear the unpredictable, the unforeseeable. It is all just horses dancing on the railways of father's tattered clock and miserable dressings of this and that and out-bent manifested shapes like doctors in the motions of desire.

Uncertainty is the enemy. At least, in those moments. However, it can also be an ally. Uncertainty scolding the weeping masters or cordial handsome deserts like lost highway embankments across an early broken dawn skyway, seeing and not believing, believing and not rejoicing.

There can be no regrets in faith, just the tempered restraint of despair. I have come to know faith as a blinding master that often defeats one's own attempt to see into it too clearly. That is the balance of the formidable songs of almighty prudence. Prudence, dancing on blind scattered trails like soldiers awaiting a cause, to be certain, to be retrained, in the dull-dust of happiness and unsettled reconstituted masses.

## Lifted Mountains

Eloquence does not a poet make  
Far standing parameters,  
obsolete from token masters, given in  
my the transcripts of communication  
between God and a caved-in mother  
to an untrusted son, always honest  
with himself, always adroit  
with his honesty with others,  
never trusted to be on the cusp  
of cordially disciplined intelligence

One could hardly remain a poet  
under such pressure to defend  
one's own honor, one's own matter  
one's own seizing of reason and joy  
knowing what is true  
and what is broadcast  
as evening lies,  
deteriorating like castles  
made too long ago,  
too withered to be useful,  
and too imparted  
to be a shell on the mountain  
lifted above the population  
that dares not look up

brothers and sisters without masks

congressmen in purple ribbons  
bankers in excruciating applause  
doctors with wealth beyond reason  
troubadours with penny pockets disposed  
maskers left at the banquet  
dehumanizers still in indecision  
God planning a funeral, for me  
for my entire release from structure  
all here in the corporate filing systems  
latent to each others's siblings

Now I will have to rain

eyes gold  
in the counted contours  
of dreaming dismissal

pardoned like music  
shatters the squire  
of forgotten chivalry

now I will have to rain  
like doors matter in the dark  
like memories best left alone

She will not find me here  
“That is wrong,” She tells me  
I have hampered the dream

nothing is great  
no marble coins  
or constructed lines

like a garden left to stop  
turning to memorize  
pictures so perfect of imperfection

now I will have to rain  
not where it matters most  
not on the canopy

there are dressings  
on stars and blessed earth  
like a portrait of old age

decorated fervent memories  
leaving me without peace  
leaving me alone in the wager

hidden poem

What is the next stage  
delivered like an April fire  
like sad notes on warped vinyl  
violins and seasoned cellos stinging  
fountain pens pleasantly scratching  
attempting to discover the face of the future  
where triumph meets mere contentedness  
One does not ask much of God  
this is a lesson learned through vain reframing  
one's own soul is not the question  
it is the doorbell wedding  
that is what is at ease, too quickly  
on the heart of participated jargon  
The will remains hidden  
a non-combatant, forgetful  
too forfeited to repel the future  
the star bent ruins of distraction  
and the ruminations of this hollow space

## Rose-Nickel Plated Uniform

“Do not be too hard on him.  
He tried to best he could.”

Do not be like the bent raining arrow  
Do not be harsh with the wind  
Try not to calculate too great a penalty  
Do not be an ashen dusk preening

Please do not let God give you a bruised rib  
Do what you must to avoid it, all you have  
Do not be fearful of being too communicative  
Do not be nervous, or fear that you will not speak

I have seen you coming in your rose-nickel plated uniform  
Coming from a future that has no place here, we are not ready  
Be like the light of language that has transposed no entry  
Be like a missing moon, still related to the windswept tide  
Cold, like an older sister, on the droplets of imitated bravery  
Stolid, surrounding old prisons, where even the king could not



## Shore

fertile sands confidence interval  
no more stations on Her lips  
plumeria shattered glass frown  
settled staunch lotus seeds  
enculturation of coughs and lesions  
Dresden arts and ore stumbling  
terrestrial surviving nights in the lane

Lou Reed is the Parliament of Turtles

Lou Reed steals sandwiches behind the curling iron  
dusting off his raincoat, he sits on polyester sheets  
electric bolts shine beneath his feet like clay  
his is the parliament of turtles in paper huts  
his is the peeling wallpaper that reveals heaven  
ordinary and roped to tranquility without ruse or rust

like desert scopes and married farewells

no songwriter is cautious with streetlamp alimony  
bathing or Portugal exhaust fumes like timid,  
controlled, parting company in front of the library

materialist failure in the wicked wind where She  
spoke to me like a donkey headed to Russia,  
not knowing if the voices were perfume or waste

listen,

to the waters of decrepit motion alleys

sapless,

marooned where shelves stand afar  
like silver ashtrays defeated by Napoleon's goslings  
no more sacrilegious poets awake at night

memory like tired servants

free from the boundaries of the body  
stolen like a grasping rope wastebasket  
circular and maladroitness patrimony insiders  
where Cain and Abel did retire for the evening,  
but let the fire burning for the cattle on the path  
letting go of legumes and pineapple frozen  
like desert scopes and married farewells

lex fori courtier for the rededicated ordeal

abolition of currency in the foment of tell-tale skies  
sober and reassuring comfort easing the heart  
the house of the premise is now without missing forbearance  
books open before the missing of God  
names appear with the match of a phrase or person  
taken down are the names of the rich  
those who sheol did not intend to meet  
but grateful all the same  
a nursery, for long last peach tree trials  
like August pleasant rain  
when the fathers and mothers of trail mines  
have brought redwood freedom to the tracked

Who wants to stay in Australia?

From Sydney to Melbourne  
There are rats in the beggars castle  
Like a fervent Cincinnati earthquake  
Stirring the rest of the favors  
With the rest of the unacquainted  
Toiletty weddings, now rehearsed  
Like a blacksmith in the pearl-clutches

Like a coffee shop that still allows smoking  
There is a music scene that adopts sonic beds  
Breathing in the rest of the toiled gold  
Like some bird only seen in the movies  
Now crested upon your stallway roof  
There is a crowd around your crown  
You did not have to work for it

Andy Warhol told Lou Reed, "It takes work"  
You never had to admire so much discipline  
Just pop candy dogma like a sink specialist  
Without the masonry bedrooms you refuse  
The splintered favor of the glowing night  
Puts you in refute like a quail or ostrich  
Never put your puppet in the small quaking hour

Almost another creature like us

I dreamed I was accused of being on the wrong side of justice  
I could not get them to tell me what they consider justice  
Broken glass held above our heads  
like talking sand in the driveway to heaven  
there is no slope to the front door  
there is no shortcut to accusations of justice

bleeding from our constructed power  
broken door gymnasts and syndicates  
like gravity that dismissed coverings of persuasion of grass  
money to the alpine sophists didn't call  
didn't fit into the dress of the harmony disruptor  
no warrant for Eisenhower or dreams of all forever  
we walked to the pardoned; we won  
styles to the sub-explaining curious grass tides  
then in almost another creature like us

## Era of Stolen Winter Clay When the Water is Dreaming

There are rural fountains by the lakeside  
screaming into the destiny of harpsichord angels  
they have not come for your jewelry  
your stapled winter coats

Symbiosis of part travelers  
restoration of the nomad's secrets stolen  
hands shaking with half plagiarized gold  
faucets in their dreaming of our sacred scolding

Danger to the perceived era of clay  
adjudications of cross-bearing scoundrels  
for now I will take my jewelry  
my half-plagiarized gold  
a sorted life into the crying empty bolts

Rendered for estranged water  
And ironed for the fabricated dress rehearsed soul

Hurry on. You've got a party to get to.

He said his heart aches for Palestine.  
Then he set upon his motorcycle  
and did not miss one weekend party.

We sit in our comfortable spaces  
with our fans, and our large meals  
and our safe families, but our hearts aches?

We have a fascinating interpretation  
of the phrase, "my heart aches."  
Far too many are seeing Palestine too late.

It has always been this way.  
Please do not let that trouble you.  
Enjoy your weekend party.  
And be condemned.



The loftsmen corridor

A pious salesman obscures a car door  
a pinch of bread with the tobacco  
a ship too large for its bellicose sails  
nothing left to fight for, in this lofting hour

We could always bring back the dreams  
the water tells us of scowl-replaced legends  
in wonder and sortilege of holy scripts  
now left to contemplate small reasoning

When we sleep without bordering hymns  
we are left in statue craters liked prized gloating  
grassland writers condemning fortune tales  
here we will find our army, willowed trains  
an arcade of luminary shadows like breaks in the heat  
assorted deprecatory generals like frames on the wall

The proposal to inculcate absolute rule

She left me with the morning saplings  
for telling everyone about Her, she said,  
Her word lingered in the air,  
motioning me to act as though it was  
the first day, the most fanatic time  
seeking Her, my God, my restitution  
in the diagonal, filtered crossfire  
left unadorned like floating graves  
after a flood, not buried deep enough  
not fit into boxes of air and space  
of strange reasoning, that one would want  
to remember such a dark unsettled time

The celebrated taverns of Mr. Spuneasta

At the door we paid  
not looking for work or medicine  
but a dry bed and obscure painting  
to cut into our dreams  
like fire and wine, we deposed  
at the last coffee, the too tall cigarette  
proffering a statesman for a spoken wheel  
we lost the house of forgetting  
and plagiarized carriages of tokens  
for talking herbs and festered outsiders  
like salads at the dawn of matrimony's haunting appraisal

## Vamping on the Sound of Besottedness

Ruins behind St. Johnathon  
Statues in the park, broken and bristly  
Soldiers standing at ease for the parting of a neighbor

Too swollen to make to the kitchen  
Where a reception of heavenly auteurs wait  
there are no shadows of the family

left right where it fell  
as though these songs were intended  
for the moment of stolen sounds  
On the crisp-like turning of damnation  
Docile and manifest by my own hands

This is not a time

Grey speckled war horns beaten into an alley of frost and milk and blood iron tires. Forgetting that we once knew when they were intentionally attempting to get us to react. The pro-action is the point. Like grease pigeons that rattle on about Monday. Like fire ore steel wishes that never knew the dawn was coming. Do not wish for the Redeemer. Is is a cold Day. If such a God is real, we forget, we must earn our redemption. Things will only get worse from this point forward. I do wonder if those in power see the destructive elements, the match to the coffin just waiting to be set ablaze, or if we are standing by, not seeing how perpetual it is that the build up to WWII looked a lot like this. Now the Unites States is Italy. Israel is Germany. Russia is Japan. Europe is still reserved with post-WWII fever. It is unknown if they could restore order. Isolationists abound. Everywhere. Are there those who see with clear vision goggles? Those who see the tin for the dry oven Day? The fire that tries to tempt you. So that it can be let out. Into the world. And see its glory like sun-mask in the Gregory pines. This is not a time. It is not going to get better. The moonlight will not reveal love. No amount of selfcare will dismiss a genocide. No amount of pacing our emotional trespasses will conceal a broken human. Not alive with the clarity of conflict resolution. Not here to be sure that a matter of choice can be made in the moment, and leftover reminders can still yet be, despite the present shame.

The treasure of goldberry hearts

A poem about bears and coal mines

A kitchen for grown fortress insurance  
Demigod rascal revealing Awe in the statehouse  
Sugar seemed like Saturday with the arc of a tempest  
Never in control of red weather cordial memories  
For the staunch river of coal mine coercion  
A bet on a riddle like two tongues at alabaster weddings  
Drinking in the milk of the hardened day  
The blind dank polyester prophet, ditching the fountain  
In place of a forgotten percussion where fragrance  
and steel rathered memo posts are frowning figures  
like downcoats here on TV and leaving bears  
fighting for a simple treasure of goldberry hearts

## The Memorization of Neighbors

There is a delicate balance  
between the ashtrays and  
critical component

Of Durban seaports  
and ethical regressions  
like shopping weeds  
that matter until Tuesday

The weather will not strike  
unlike the porch lamp  
and the escaping donkeys

Forgiven through transgressions  
not a part of the consensus  
of conduct, or codes, or rules  
or the memorization of neighbors

Remembrance brings admiration  
but the town has forgotten remorse  
until Tuesday, until the raining solace

Like a road of absolute wonder  
The swings with hammers of balances

Limitless and to Know Acquaintance in this Missing Pearl

A lonely pocket squirrel in the dose or morning staunch behavior  
stolen for her stenciled majesty by her fettered dewlap  
under the auburn sky, limitless, and casually acquainted, discovered  
like a patch of honey in dewhusk clothing, never to see her again  
she moves freely, the squirrel, the dog, in jovial pursuit  
feel me, free me on the able nocturnal beats where disarray  
meets consolation elbows for doses or morning staunch behavior



## As a Hammering Stone

The moonlight shatters upon distilled rocks  
Where we left our last argument  
Adrift in the resemblance of time  
Masters of indecision sharing indoctrinated ceremonies

Happily the vines of stolen trees  
Sit and stir like a holiday  
From time, from disclosure, from the brine  
Where we found the park I wrote about, lovingly

Never to feel encouraged amongst the noise  
Of sonic gestures and traffic  
We were alien to each other  
Statues that did not bend or carry meaning

Peaceable cities crash in cultural malnutrition  
Present in the populace incisors  
They meet their mentor as a door salesman  
We will find our own worn independence

As it should be, as it always should have been  
A matter of surfacing, adjudicating, where we were told not be  
Born under the law of timorous enclosure, bold and injudicious  
We will meet the market borders as a hammering stone

the chorus of two serpents and the ratified tailor

The balance of a whiskered treeswift  
diving to the side as my contours  
shade the obligation of remount control  
quiet perches in the weeds around us  
lackluster motives for stock-still letters to pardoned lovers  
sending them away to spare them from the boring morning

two serpents cross the yard  
seeking tranquility under the hood of my box-filled garage  
like an ornament without decay

the unsuspecting master of toil and disbelief  
sings only of yesterday's gorgeousness  
and matter that makes up planets below, beside  
raining in the pinch, the sober tailor ratified  
the sounding board redeemed

## The polyester eater

Walter Benjamin's stethoscope for libraries in surgical gowns  
the policy makers fear what the polyester eater understands  
globetrotting and canvas-matching like dates in the palm  
sequacious barons stretched quick on the turpentine lines  
rulers out of reach where prodigious maple ferns dare not go  
pomp scattered ambrosia fifty degrees and turning westland  
dirt airplanes where micrometeoroid generals trickled and bowed  
a bullfinch in the plaster where grave vermicious systoles tilt

## Salt in the Financed Waves

vesper sparrow on the loud evening clouds  
laughing in the shower  
at the twilight husk  
creating insoluble trio plates of stellar swoons  
like the gradient fragment of skin and fins  
warm  
mal du siècle  
burrowing  
like salt in the financed stationed waves

the steamed lambency of torrents  
unresponsiveness  
like coal framed wires  
transference for the unspoken trio of wharves  
there is no space  
between us like a song  
disruptive consequence  
of milking shadows  
addressed to the people hearing torrid grey  
there is currency  
in stemming and loosening  
the steamboat bark  
that speaks today

unregulated marriages that fly to the resting coast  
partitioned skipping drums that keep a triad or two  
Balearic foreman like the dancing skirts of candles  
notioned to miss difference and settle for worn stages

like salt in the financed stationed waves

vesper sparrow on the loud evening clouds  
laughing in the shower at the twilight husk  
creating insoluble trio plates of stellar swoons  
like the gradient fragment of skin and fins  
warm mal du siècle burrowing knee-deep  
like salt in the financed stationed waves

the steamed lambency of torrents obliged  
unresponsiveness like coal framed wires  
transference for the unspoken trio of wharves  
there is no space between us like a songbird  
disruptive consequence of milking shadows  
addressed to the people hearing torrid grey  
there is currency in stemming and loosening  
the steamboat bark that speaks reluctantly today

unregulated marriages that fly to the resting coast  
partitioned skipping drums that keep a triad or two  
Balearic foreman like the dancing skirts of candles  
notioned to miss difference and settle for worn stages

silhouette rain

signature bows like a ruffled wedding  
too cold in the sternum, like crackling waves  
leaning on one another until they can float alone  
knowing the incongruity like toxins in the bush  
carried with burning they donated wedding shoes  
labor under the ternary system, a steady ghost  
placid extinguished bells, delicate fostered pens  
treble left alone for the silhouette form of rain

bruted about the seafloor

When you retired like a brush upon the flood  
you will find maple apples too sweet to bear  
all headless and poison and bruted about the seafloor  
ashtray palms like incantations of shaken porcelain  
haberdasher nickel ore replacing steepened autumn  
this was the last song he played without Her near

## Amongst the downfall of sleeping armies

I've seen your authoritarian temples, marked inlay soundscapes to the blunt end of the instrument  
sounds too petitioned for rogue scallops on Sunday bread with leavers upon the leisurely windowpane  
too discerning to be scouted off like a tempered meter all above the size of scourged templed earth  
like a delicate embrace between the fathers of Bismarck with weathered channels's chancellors  
too mistaken to be as brave as Greta, not with the solidifying grasp she brings to courts disgraced  
there are too many steepened foreign glass trumpets that do not sing of Her, Her embrace, Her  
remorse for the guilt we all share in the lack of community standing atop weathered, downed retreat  
though we should stand to appeals, we refrain from self-harm out of the need to protect our families

However, there is one bet She is willing to make, one solitary guiding principle God finds certain  
She says, those who will follow me will find solace in the coming days, when all is black-caverns,  
when all is winter, like a cloud of defeat among the nocturnal discussions of human endeavors, in  
humanity will not suffice itself to be a poem, or a song, or a loved one found safe, no, but willingness  
will be our guide if we can at least avoid being absorbed by the willow-telling tale, reshaped memory  
of rocks surface county blind vengeful ghost that do not see where they are going, or rehearse blind  
victory under palms of golden-gray, like a skylight upon the witful catastrophe of darling orange-grey  
Be the amusement and the charm of God's speaking agents, amongst the downfall of sleeping armies  
And chant the last victory song against the abuse of this Earth's people, against the abuse of capital  
selves, and ontology of difference, dispelling forgetfulness like it was a neighbor to our shameful night



## Carnival Rations

the adorned broad pennant of a celestial-broken token ship  
hammers against the walls of the elephantine sea  
marching toward the shore with carnival rations, today  
this memory-embarked soul of coastal hamadryad leaves  
abalone defenders mark the hull, against the war bride,  
the endowed precision of stalking water buffalo retreat  
from carnival-endearingly sweeping the ship back  
to the seas of the king, where there is no spirit  
in the motions of broken jocose water fleas, green  
with the weather pot along the seismic steel grassland  
time's up for the water scout as it colludes across  
the partitions of our mind and the waste of our intention